An Answer

To the forc'd Marriage;

Or, the old mans vindication.

I Read a Song a Day or two ago,
Which says that *Celia's* now grown whorish too,
And makes a fine pretence because she's wed,
To one that's old, she need must wrong his bed:
I of her wantonness having suspition,
Have search'd, and found out the old mans condition;
And now I plainly see she wrongs him much,
She onely had a mind to take a touch;
With some fond foolish youngster, not for need,
For her old man as well can do the deed:
As most men can, and this may satisfie,
That *Celia* doth her husband much belye.

The Tune is, *Celia's my Foe.*

SInce Celia's a Whore,
I'le abide her no more,
Let her go,
Since I know,
A far better in store:
The ill luck was my own,
That a slut I have known,
Who scorns me,
And horns me,
And swears she'l be gone.
Her Parents took care,
That my wealth she should share,
Crying Daughter,
Hereafter,
Be wise and beware.

Though your Husband be old,
Prethee be not too bold,
If unkind,
You will find,
That his Love will grow cold,
Methinks their advice,
Might have made her more wise;
Till death
Stop'd my breath,
And had clos'd up my eyes.
I'de have left her much coyn,
And her freedom too joyn:
With that Youth,
Who in truth,
now enjoys what is mine.

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She swears I am a sot,
Deform'd and what not,
But I swear
By the Beer,
That I have in this Pot,
I will cherish my blood,
With the best of all food,
Brisk Wine,
Shall be mine,
And all things that are good.

I care not a pin,
But let them laugh as win,
Ile delight
Day and Night,
And ne'r count it a sin.
Pritty Phillis I know,
So much love doth me owe.
She'd be willing,
To be billing,
And bend to my bow.

Though she saies I am in age,
Yet I am free to engage,
With a beauty,
Where duty,
All hatr doth assuage.
Since Celia's unkind,
Ile be of the same mind,
Let her go,
Since I know,
Where a better to find.

She has taught me the way,
For to sport and to play,
She may leave me,
Not grieve me,
Nor my reason betray.
Being free'd from a wife,
I shall live without strife;
Enjoying,
And toying,
All days of my Life.

Then think it not strange,
If like Celia I range;
If she
Love not me,
Why may not I change?
Ile get free from the Charms
Of those treacherous arms;
And i'le yield
Up the field
To loves private alarms.

Be happy and poor,
Like a wanton young whore:
We'l part
With free heart,
And i'le ne'r see thee more.
Thy youngster at last,
Whom thou now hold'st so fast;
Will leave thee,
And deceive thee,
Then to Bridewel at last.

Then when 'tis too late,
Thou wilt praise thy old Mate;
And curse
Thy self worse,
That his Love thou didst hate.
But without all redress,
For no love i'le express,
To a woman
That's common,
As her self doth confess.

Ile not make my moan,
To the Trees, nor to stone,
Be it known,
When you'r gone,
I will not lye alone.
To Phillis i'le shew,
What my courage can do;
She'l raise me,
And praise me,
Thus Celia adieu.

FINIS.

With Permission, Ro. L'Estrange.

Printed for E. Oliver, at the Golden-Key on Snow-hill, neer the Sarazens-head. Where any Chap-Men may be Furnished with all sorts of Books and Ballads.